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THE TIGER

H. PARK. '06

OCTOBER, 1905

Sunset Magazine

shows all sides of California and the West—Scenic, Industrial, Social and Literary.

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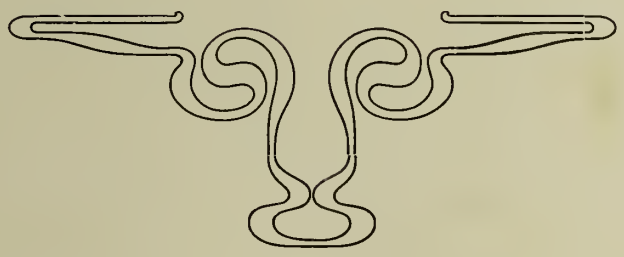
THE TIGER



THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

To "The Tiger."

Here's to an old acquaintance, and one you all know well;
Here's to an old school-fellow, whose name I soon will tell;
He's a member of every class, of whom we all are pround;
His name is familiar to all, for he goes with every "crowd;"
A leader in all festivities, and of all our school events:
So here is to THE TIGER, and to all it represents!

But in praising the whole, we must praise every part;
So here's to its famous department of art;
And here's to its pages of current school notes:
And here's to its columns of joshes and jokes!

Here's to its numberless sketches and stories,
The cause for just envy to contemporaries;
A page for debating it never will lack—
And here's to its notes on athletics and "track!"

Three cheers for it editors, and the whole crew
Of managers, artists, and—subscribers, too;
So all then, together, your mouths open wider—
Three cheers for THE TIGER! THE TIGER! THE TIGER!

Lester Uren, '07.

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"The Black and Gold."

(Air—"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms,"

Believe me, if all that alluring old charm,
Which the Lick School extends to you still,
Were to change tomorrow, still our hearts would beat warm
Toward that dear little school 'neath the hill.
We can see in the distance the shops and the grounds,
All the study and lecture halls, too;
Then we gladly can hear the old friendly sounds,
And the faces—some old and some new.

It is not till we leave her we know what we lose,
Then her walls become something but stone:
For the rest of our course that in Lick we did choose.
Into college we coldly are thrown.
Oh, the one that forgets her, that one never knew
The spirit that all our hearts hold;
To our colors we're true—only red, white and blue,
Will float o'er the Black and the Gold.

THE TIGER

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

Vol. III. OCTOBER, 1905 No. 1

Starr's Experiment.

We were standing in a bunch in the basement, when suddenly the chemistry door flew open and one of the apprentices rushed out. It was Starr, with a glass beaker in one hand and a stirring-rod in the other. As he came closer, I noticed that the color of the liquid in the beaker was constantly changing from light to dark blue.

"What do you think of this?" said he, as he held up the beaker to let us see. "It's the greatest discovery in the world."

"What is it good for?" came in a chorus from all of us.

"What's it good for! Why, I could send all of you into the next century, if you would let me, by just giving you two teaspoonsful of this, and then bring you back again if you would take a vial of another mixture in your pocket, and drink it when you wanted to return."

"Easier said than done," said Jack Kane, "and now I'll let you give me some of that stuff and I will bet that I won't get a glimpse of the twenty-first century."

"I will take some, also," said I.

"All right; come into the lab. and get it."

We went in, and after putting a little bottle of the "returning fluid," as he called it, in our pockets, we took the glasses he handed us and filled them nearly full of water, after which Starr put two teaspoonfuls of his "mystery" in them and stirred them so that it would be evenly distributed.

"Here goes; I'll see you later," said Jack, and we each swallowed our potions. I think it tasted so bad that we did not try to see what was going to become of us, until we found ourselves lying in an open field of wheat about five feet high.

"I wonder where we are?" said I.

"I wonder!"

We got up and looked around us, but all we could see was great stretches of wheat, and at about what we judged to be two miles, the roof of a large house. The only thing there was to do was to go there and find out where we were, so we struck across the fields, and at last found a path leading in the same direction. We arrived at the house, which was made of polished brick, and walked up the front steps, but could not find any bell or knocker, and as we were just going to rap on the door it opened and a voice coming from the interior told us to be seated, and that the lady of the house would be down in a minute.

We sat down and looked at one another, and then around the room to see where that voice came from and who opened the door. All that we could see was a phonograph with an electric cord running from it under the floor. I naturally concluded it went to the door, and was looking around for something else of interest to see when I heard a low grating sound, and suddenly an elderly lady appeared to be sliding down the stairs and right behind her a pretty young girl, most likely her daughter.

As soon as she saw us she rushed up

and said, "Why, hello boys, when did you get back?" and at the same time the girl came and sat down beside me. I looked at her in astonishment, but she did not seem the least bit disturbed, but just said, "Oh, Harold, I missed you an awful lot." I did not know what to say, but looked over at Jack sitting on the other sofa cornered by the lady, who was talking away at a great rate.

"Did you have a good time, Harold?" was the next thing I heard, and I turned my attention to the girl. My, but she was pretty!

"Oh, yes, fine!" said I, determined to keep up the bluff. "Were you here all summer?"

"Harold, you know very well that we left you just ten days ago in San Francisco; how can you say such a thing as that?"

This was getting uncomfortable, so I started on the old reliable. "How has the weather been here?"

"Fine; just enough wind to keep things going and not too hot."

I had to find out her name, so I said, "Grace, if—"

"Now, you know very well that I hate to be called any of those funny names of yours, just call me Madelaine, and stop your fooling."

This was too easy to find out her name in that manner, and I thought it would be just as easy to find out her last name.

"By the way, where did you put those letters I sent you?" hoping that by luck my double had written to her.

"They are up stairs; why do you want to see them?"

"Oh, just because."

"All right, wait a minute and I will get them."

She stepped upon the escalator, and as she left the room some of the brightness of the day seemed to have left it, and I wanted her to hurry back. Having nothing to do, I walked over to where Jack was sitting on the sofa, trying to find out who he was.

I thought I would find out the lady's name, and I said: "Now, Aunt Susan—"

"What! You young imp, if you call me Aunt Susan again I will cut you out of my will; do you hear that, Harold West."

Another clew—my name is Harold West, and I am going to be left something in somebody's will.

"Now, Harold, come here if you want to see those letters."

I went over and looked at the first one. It was addressed to Miss Malelaine Hemp, care of H. C. Hemp, Alameda County, Calif., and only had a one-half cent stamp on it. This seemed very queer, but I did not mention it. I opened the letter and was almost paralyzed—"Aug. 29, 2006." I read it through and found that I had gone to San Francisco to visit relatives, that Jack's name was Edwin West, my younger brother, and that we were not expected home until tonight at 6:30, as we had to see our parents off yesterday for New York. Suppose our doubles should come home early, what would become of us?

Madelaine has just said "Aunt Belle," so I must be some relation to Madelaine if I am going to be in Aunt Belle's will.

A clock in the hall has just struck fourteen. I don't know whether it is wrong or they are counting time differently now, but by the feeling of my stomach it ought to be about lunch time. A gong in the room to the left of the hall had just sounded, also.

"Luncheon must be ready," said Aunt Belle, "come on, boys."

"Let us fix our hair and wash up a little first," said Jack, and I saw he wanted to speak to me.

"Well, all right; but hurry up, because we want to go for a ride in the airship after lunch, and I have some calls to make in Los Angeles."

We went into the hall again and saw

a number of buttons near the stairs marked "up and down," and also noticed that the stairs were of a very different type from those we had in 1905. Just an inclined plane with footholds on it. We started to walk up, but Aunt Belle cried to us and asked why we did not use the elevator attachment. Then we understood what the buttons were for.

After hunting around in the rooms for a washstand we at last found one. But such a washstand! Buttons all over the wall and no faucets—just little openings in the basin. Above each button was a little brass plate with the words: "hot," "cold," "water," "soap," "towels." The whole thing explained itself, but upon pressing the soap button a fine powdered substance shot out of a tube in the basin into a little receptacle just opposite it, which I had not noticed. The towel button puzzled me, and upon pressing it a cabinet above the basin opened, showing towels on a rack inside. After using one I hung it up, and by pressing the button again closed the cabinet.

When Jack had finished the above operations, we went down stairs by way of the elevator and entered the dining-room. Upon sitting down I heard a bell ring in the kitchen, and a maid entered with four thick plates with wires attached to them. These wires were fastened to terminals, which fitted into sockets in the floor, and a push-button was placed on the table beside us. Then we were each given a small red tablet about the size of a quarter. I watched Madelaine and noticed that she put it on her plate and pressed the button. It commenced getting larger and larger, and before I knew it a small steak was in front of her. I do not like steak at all, so I asked if I could have a little roast beef. The maid brought me a thinner tablet and I pressed the button and the plate did the rest. By watching Madelaine carefully and doing everything she did I managed to get through the meal without many breaks. Dessert was another thing that should be mentioned. Instead of fruit or cake, we were given a small tin box, open on one side and about three inches square, also with wires coming from it. The plate was removed and this box put in its place. Milk (or cream, I should say) sugar, and strawberries were put into it, and the open side closed. The current was then turned on, and upon opening the box a minute later, we had some delicious frozen strawberries.

Madelaine, who was sitting next to me and talking all the time, suddenly said, "Do you know that we have been engaged three weeks today, Harold?"

You could have knocked me over with a feather, and in the bargain she looked to be only sixteen and I was only eighteen. "Yes," I managed to say, "and I have not given you your engagement ring yet." I was taking big chances, but I did not see any on her finger, and took it for granted that she did not have one.

"But you got it when you were in town, didn't you? You said you were going to."

"I could not get the one I wanted, but I told father to bring one from New York," said I, taking advantage of the fact that my "would be" parents had gone to New York yesterday. I was really becoming very fond of Madelaine and it made one feel blue to think of leaving. I had already begun to wish our doubles would never show up and that she and Aunt Belle would go on believing I was Harold West, so that I could always be near her.

Luncheon being over we went to the front porch, where the airship was awaiting us. It was a small affair, not like any of the types now, but built just like an automobile, except for wheels there were immense steel wings, two on each side. We got in and the chauffeur, as I will call him, started the machinery. The airship

rose with an easy, even motion, and when it reached a height of about fifteen hundred feet it shot southward with incredible speed. I forgot to mention that it was a closed body—that is, it was built like a cab only the top work was plate glass, giving us an unlimited view, as if there was nothing there at all. We arrived in Los Angeles about an hour after we had left the house, and Aunt Belle paid some calls while we got out and took a car to Venice, a suburb of Los Angeles, built like the city it was named after, with canals for streets. The cars we took ran on a wireless system, and just flew over the ground. About every mile there was a station for re-enforcing the current, as the hills and other obstructions deflected the power if it was not re-enforced at intervals.

When we had looked over some of the beautiful residences of Venice, we returned to the cars and rode back to the city, where we found the airship waiting for us. We started home, and nearly collided with another airship as we reached the outskirts of Greater San Francisco, which I learned from Madelaine now contained over four million people. Passing over the city and bay, we made straight for our house, which was situated on the outskirts of Fruitvale, surrounded by grain fields. We alighted from the ship and were just walking up the front steps, when we heard horses' hoofs beating upon the roadway, and in turning around to see who it was, I saw two boys of exactly the same appearance as Jack and I, in a buggy waving their hats.

"What shall we do?" said Jack.

"Excuse ourselves and go inside where we can take the other dose."

"We'll be back in a minute," said Jack, and both of us ran inside.

We could hear the other boys getting out of the buggy and the expressions of astonishment from Madelaine and Aunt Belle. As we pulled out our vials and took one last look around at 2006, I thought of Madelaine and it made me wince, but making up my mind to forget her, and calling to Jack that I was ready, we swallowed the "returning fluid," and immediately found ourselves in the chemical laboratory back in 1905.

Starr heaved a sigh of relief as he saw us, and said, "No more experiments for me, I've had more worry over you fellows than the thing is worth, and you'll have to go up to the office and fix the thing up with the recorder, because you have been marked absent for today."

HARRY H. HILP, '06.

James Lick, the Citizen.

It might prove interesting to the pupils of the Lick School to hear a few stories of James Lick, told by old residents of San Jose, who were associated with him in one way and another.

That he was an odd character every one agrees.

By those who worked for him it is said that he was a very just man and, although he never allowed any familiarity, he treated all with respect.

At the ranch the men always ate first, Mr. Lick eating in solitude after they had finished.

The woman who kept house for him said she never set his table without a plate of cookies. He never ate them himself, but always filled his pockets to feed to the horses, which always looked for them.

Besides being fond of animals and of children, Mr. Lick was very fond of flowers. His garden was bright with them all the year round. His carnations were especially beautiful and were among the first ever brought to Santa Clara County.

It is said that when he moved from what is known as the Lick Mill, near Alviso, to the Lick Tract, now the south end of First Street, that he had many beautiful and rare plants and shrubs and well-grown trees. All of these he moved to his new home.

The time of the year made no difference to Mr. Lick. If he wanted to move a tree he did so and, strange to say, they usually lived.

An eye-witness reports that the moving was a laughable sight. There were at least a dozen dump carts which were loaded with shrubs and trees. Sometimes one tree with the dirt around the roots completely filled a cart.

On each cart sat an Irishman with "a bit of a clay pipe in his mouth." Mr. Lick led the procession in an old thoroughbrace buggy, wearing his plug hat and a collar and tie like those worn by Webster and Clay.

Mr. Lick had proposed to give San Jose a beautiful park, and this was the object in moving the trees and plants to this place. When he proffered the park to the city its council declined, because of the expense necessary to maintain it. The city fathers had no water supply for the rare trees that Mr. Lick had brought from abroad.

That Mr. Lick allowed no one to interfere with his affairs is plainly shown in the following instances:

A new hand had been put to work on the ranch and during the first days of his residence there he came upon Mr. Lick trimming a cherry tree. He said: "Why, Mr. Lick, you are not trimming that tree right; you will kill it."

All the time the man had been talking Mr. Lick had been whacking away at the tree. When he had finished Mr. Lick said: "Whose tree is this?"

"Why," answered the man, "it is yours."

"Well, this is the way I trim my trees," and he gave it a cut that felled it.

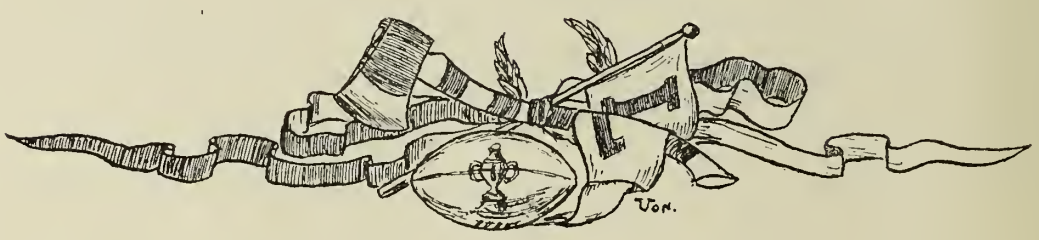
He turned and walked away; the man stood gazing at his tall figure retreating, and, it is safe to say, never offered him advice again.

At one time Mr. Lick owned the property that is now known as the Knox Block on the corner of First and Santa Clara Streets, in San Jose. There had been some buildings on the lots, but they had burned, leaving an unsightly ruin. This being the most prominent corner in the city, people naturally hoped he would

put up a good building; so, when one morning he was seen with his men and carts unloading tools as if to commence the long-deferred cleaning off of the lot, all who passed wore a happy smile. First one would say: "Why, Mr. Lick I am so glad you are going to build." Then the next would say: "Good work! You should have done that long ago." And so on until perhaps a dozen had passed with a similar remark. Finally without vouchsafing any answer to any of them, the owner ordered the men to pile the tools in the carts again. He was heard to say to the foreman of the gang that when the people of San Jose ceased to take such active interest in his affairs he would build, and they drove off. The lot stood as it was for many years and was finally sold to Mr. Knox.

The above are only a few of the stories told by people who knew Mr. Lick as a neighbor and citizen. He made few intimates, talked little and what he did say was to the point. He attended strictly to his own affairs and expected others to do the same. Although people generally stood a little in awe of him they held for him great respect, knowing that under his rough exterior was a kind heart, and keen brain quick to recognize true worth.

W. H. Merrill, '08



A Stampede.

In the western sky the great red sun was slowly sinking. Across the endless prairie a slow, soft breeze swept. The howl of the skulking coyote was heard in the distance, mingling with the soft coo of the prairie chicken going to roost.

Under a giant cottonwood tree, where the moon cast a melancholy gloom over all, three cowboys sat in silence around what had once been a campfire, pulling at their fragrant pipes and blowing the smoke out in pure enjoyment.

No sound was heard from the dozing cowboys. The picketed horses were wrapt in silence.

But hark! A low murmur is heard in the distance. The silent figures jump to their feet. They pause but a moment, jumping to their horses' backs, they dig the spurs in and gallop away. The murmur grows louder; it becomes a deafening roar. It is the roar of maddened cattle rushing over the moonlit prairie. On! On! before the mass of horns and the bellowing herd rush the maddened horses. A stumble, a slip will mean instant death to both horse and rider. Now the half-dead horses gain on the terrible, rushing herd. Still the riders urge them on. They near the outskirts of the herd; one more moment of peril and they are safe.

They are saved! The poor horses drop down in the dirt. The terrible black mass rushes past while the faithful horses expire.

E. J. Post, '09.

Steam Turbines.

Perhaps the simplest and most easily understood of steam turbines is of the De Laval type. It consists of a rotor, carrying on its periphery, blades or buckets. Steam is directed against the blades through narrow nozzles, which gives the steam a high velocity. The steam, on striking the buckets or blades, forces them to revolve at high speed. High speed is essential to the economy of the De Laval turbine, and when running at a speed of one half the velocity of the impinging steam the most economical results are obtained. Some of the small De Laval turbines revolve at the rate of thirty thousand revolutions per minute, while the larger ones make ten thousand revolutions per minute. De Laval turbines are not built larger than three hundred horsepower.

The type which is the most general in use is the Parsons turbine. It consists of three or more drums of increasing diameters, carrying on their periphery, blades or buckets. Surrounding this is a drum from which project stationary guide vanes. The action of this type of turbine may be described as follows: The steam enters at one end of the turbine and is guided by the guide vanes to the first row of buckets. Leaving the revolving blades the steam is directed by the guide vanes against the next set of blades. This action is repeated and as the steam expands the diameter of the cylinders carrying the blades increase, thus neutralizing the loss in pressure. When the steam has finally passed all the vanes it is sucked into the condenser.

Besides the Parsons turbine there is the Curtis upright steam turbine, which is mostly used for driving generators.

Prior to their installation in the new Allen liners steam turbines had never been used in ocean vessels. This marks a new era in the history of steam navigation. It was after much thought and experimenting that the officers of the Allan line decided to take the initiative and build the first turbine vessels for transatlantic travel. The two ships were the Victorian and Virginian. During the trial trips the vessels attained a speed of two knots in excess of the contract speed.

Although these were the first vessels built for transatlantic trade, several turbine steamers have been successfully operated in the English channel. They have proven more economical and swifter than like ships fitted with reciprocating engines.

Steam turbines were first brought into public view about 1895. An Englishman named Parsons fitted a small vessel, the Turbina, with this type of engine. With this vessel, but one hundred feet long, a speed of thirty-four knots was attained. The English government then ordered two torpedo-boat destroyers. These two ships, the Cobra and Viper, attained a speed of thirty-six knots.

In 1903-4 a commission of experts appointed by the Cunard Steamship Company investigated the steam turbine. After an exhaustive investigation, during which much experimenting was done, the commissioners recommended that the new Cunard flyers be fitted with steam turbines. With these ships England will regain the speed supremacy of the ocean, which she lost in 1897. They are to be eight hundred feet long. The turbines are to develope seventy-five thousand horse-power, which will drive them at the rate of twenty-five knots per hour. The ships are to be ready in 1906.

The United States government has not experimented much with steam turbines, but it has been reported that one of the new twenty-four knot scouts is to be propelled by turbine engines.

In 1904 the English government built two cruisers, one with turbines, the other with reciprocating engines. After a series of trials it was found that the turbine ship was the most economical at speeds above fifteen knots. Below that speed the ship with the reciprocating engines proved the most economical. The result must have made an impression upon the English government, for it has been reported that steam turbines are to be installed in the new eighteen thousand ton battleship which is to be constructed for the English navy.

The advantages and disadvantages of the steam turbine may be briefly summed up as follows. Advantages: less vibration, no wearing parts except the two main bearings, less oil used, fewer attendants required, lighter weight of parts, less space occupied, simplicity of parts; propellers of small diameter can be used because of high rate of speed. The disadvantages are: can not be run economically at speeds below fourteen or fifteen knots; good vacuum in condenser necessary; the turbine itself cannot be reversed, necessitating the use of a separate turbine for reversing; lack of means to ascertain the power of the turbine.

However, the advantages greatly offset the disadvantages and the steam turbine when fully developed is destined to become a potent and powerful rival to the reciprocating engine. As yet it is but in the experimental stage and many engineers are inclined to doubt its value.

But if the Cunard flyers are a success the steam turbine can not help but become a vital factor in the powering of ocean vessels for trade.

VICTOR F. LEUZEN, '09.

A Night in the Woods.

We had arrived at our destination far up in the hills. A flat had been formed by some freak of nature and was designed to be our resting place. It was covered with long dry grass which would provide excellent material for beds.

All around us the sky seemed confined by the tall tops of the pines. What we could see was of the densest blue and here and there a twinkling star was seen.

Our meal eaten, we lay on our backs in the gathering darkness and commented on the beauty of the scene. Tall pines waved their topmost branches in majesty, stirred by the balmy breezes. A dull murmur was heard from the mosquitoes, but as we listened this also died away.

All was silent. Nature was indeed asleep. Soon, overcome by drowsiness, inspired by the air of quiet, we were adrift in the land of dreams.

T. BATES, '08.

A Visit to the Lick Observatory.

The Lick Astronomical Observatory is situated on Mt. Hamilton, twenty-seven miles by stage east of San Jose. Mt. Hamilton is four thousand two hundred and nine feet high and the climate and atmospheric conditions of that part of California are especially suited to observations of the heavens.

In 1875 James Lick executed his deed of trust, providing for several improvements of public benefit. Seven hundred thousand dollars was appropriated for the building of an observatory on Mt. Hamilton. Work was begun in 1881 and the completed observatory was given into the hands of the University of California in 1888. James Lick did not live to see this great work done. In a mausoleum in the foundation of the great telescope rests the body of Lick. Everyone knows of the world-wide fame of the Lick Observatory. Is there a grander memorial monument to any man?

The Observatory is open to visitors on Saturday nights. The road to the top of the mountain is an excellent one, being oiled most of the way. The grades up and down the several ridges that one has to cross over to get to the mountain, are gradual and uniform and with the exception of the last seven miles are not too steep for the average bicyclist. Toward the end of the climb the Observatory seems to be directly over the road at certain points, standing out on the very peak of the mountain and giving one a restless anxiety to scale the top.

When at last the top is reached what a triumph it is! The view is wonderful! To the west the Santa Clara Valley covered with green fruit orchards and San Jose in their midst. Across the valley, Loma Prieta towers above the Santa Cruz Mountains. The red sun as it sets reflects its light on the southern point of San Francisco Bay, sixteen miles distant. To the south the fog creeps in from the ocean and spreads over the Pajaro Valley. The hills stretch far away to the east and north, with Mt. Diablo and Mt. Tamaplais overtopping them. It is only too soon that the sun sinks out of sight and the picture fades slowly away.

One would expect to find that water on the top of a mountain was too valuable to be used to operate machinery. But it is used on Mt. Hamilton to raise and lower the immense platform under the telescope and to revolve the dome over it. During the winter rainwater is caught and saved in tanks, and from there is pumped by wind power into another set of tanks on the top of another point of the peak about four hundred yards away from the Observatory. This point is one hundred and seventy feet higher than the Observatory buildings and thus a considerable head of water is secured by which to operate the machinery by hydraulic power. Water for household use comes from a spring, three hundred feet below and is pumped up by steam power.

But while one has been learning of the problems encountered in building an observatory on a mountain peak, the stars and moon have come out in plain view ready to be looked at from the inside of the great Observatory. A short distance from the main building on a promontory of the mountain, is located the famous Crossley Reflector with which some excellent photographic work of the heavens has been done. Instead of looking through a lens directly at the stars, with this instrument, the observer looks almost in the opposite direction into a large

concave reflecting mirror from which the light of the stars is reflected.

In another building is an equatorial telescope with a six inch lens, and among the other minor buildings the one that contains the seismograph or earthquake recorder is the most interesting. This instrument, composed of three distinct parts, records with three different pens, any movement of the earth in an up and down, north and south, or east and west direction. During the severe earthquake of 1903 in that part of the country, one arm of the instrument vibrated completely off the record sheet. It left sufficient marks, however, to enable the earthquake to be measured. It was found that the earth had vibrated back and forth, a distance of three-quarters of an inch. Not many tall city buildings will stand as much as that without damage.

The main building is composed of two large domes connected by a long and spacious hall with working rooms and laboratories adjoining it on either side. There is a splendid astronomical library on one side and further along is the room in which the chronometers and clocks are kept that regulate the exact time for the whole Pacific Coast. In the large hall are hundreds of photographs and transparencies of the heavenly bodies, some of which being the best ever taken of certain clusters of stars and nebulae.

But the moon is still waiting for us to look at him. The great thirty-six inch telescope, which we will point toward the moon, is the next to the largest in the world. The large telescope of the Yerkes Observatory near Chicago has a forty-inch lens. The Lick telescope is sixty feet long, but is so perfectly balanced that it can be turned in any direction with ease. When at last it is our turn to take a peep through the eye-piece, we are suddenly transported to within a hundred and fifty miles of the moon. We can only see a portion of it, it is so large. There is nothing startling in such a big jump, but we feel that it is worth the effort. We are looking down on top of volcanic craters and mountain peaks and level plains.

In the other dome of the Observatory is the twelve-inch equatorial telescope. We are shown the star Alpha in the constellation of Hercules through a small finding telescope and it appears as a common bright star. Then we are shown the same star through the twelve-inch telescope, but instead of seeing a single dot of light, two distinct stars appear. One is a bright orange color, and the other, very close to it, but a little smaller in size, is a light green color. This is the "double star" Alpha Hercules. Astronomers have discovered that these two stars revolve around in a path, such as that described by two balls on the end of a stick which is turned about a point in the middle of it. The stars are so far from each other and from us that their change in position is hardly perceptible through an interval of several hundred years.

What mind is not filled with wonder and what mind is not set to thinking on beholding such a magnificent system of law and harmony? It is with such impressions as these that the visitor turns down the mountain to the world and its people again.

CARL J. PARK.

September 18, '05.

"Ein Deutsche Geschichte."

The fat corner-grocery German sat tilted back with his arm chair leaning against the lamp-post. The blue rings of smoke lazily floated upward from the time-worn pipe.

"Hey, Mikey! Did you see that vomans what yust comed up the hill? Vell, she was speaking to me aboaut her poy. Poor vomans! Is't it nodt von shame to have a poy go avay like dot von?"

"Why, where did he go?"

"He vent do de hooky skule and now she has do git her own vood. She must buy her vegetables, for her poy vill not steal; he's feared of the cop. He says he's going to be von mans and vork. Hear dot? His fadder never vorked; he vas von great man in his country, but came here and lived on his *einkommen*. Vy shud de poy vork? Hein!"

The conversation suddenly stopped as the German disappeared to satisfy a customer's thirst. Just then a manly fellow, head erect, came up the hill. His little blue-eyed sister ran to meet him. He tossed her high in the air as she squealed for joy.

"That was the *poy* the old German was telling about," said Mikey. "He's working after school learning to be a 'lectrician. He's shook de gang and Jennie, my sister, thinks he's great."

Just then the ponderous old German came shambling out of the store. "Say, Mikey, is dot girl mid de pumpy dohr hair your sister? Yes? Vell, she's von peach. Vat! She's gone on dot hooky skule poy? Vell! vell! dot is a shame. You tink he have dot much moneys to pay for his mudder and dot girl already?"

"Sure Mike!" said Mikey. "Don't youse know Jen works in the cannery and she's de speediest one of de bunch? She hauls in ten a week."

"Yah? Is dot so? Vell! vell! Here coomes your sister. Duck vonst, she doant vant you hanging around de corners yet."

Mikey's legs twinkled up the street and a slammed door was the only noise that rent the air.

Down the hill sauntered the "hookey skule" boy and tipped his hat to Jen as they met in the middle of the incline. Then they slowly and laboriously climbed the hill counting the boards as they walked.

As they reached the corner the German heard the young fellow say: "Jen, you know I haven't much."

"But that's all right, you know. I have a fine job too."

"Sure! We can make a go of it."

The next Sunday week, a little before vesper time, the white-haired father who tends his flock with unremitting care put a ring on Jen's hand. They went to Oakland to dinner and back to the neat little rooms where the new nest was built. The old mother kept the rear rooms as before and all goes as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell, now that Jen and the "hooky skule poy" go down the hill of life together.

Lucy B. Jacobs, '06.

A Vignette.

The glow on the horizon deepened into red. Faint columns of smoke arose and curled skyward. Tiny flames appeared, and as they came nearer leaped into great flames, lashing their angry tongues as if hungry for something new to destroy. A flock of frightened birds flew hither and thither, trying to escape the intense heat, and the hoof-beats of a band of wild horses in a furious stampede mingled with the roaring flames.

The sky darkened. A faint hot wind sprang up and rustled through the tall dry prairie grass. The fire sped on, roaring and leaping as it went—now struggling as though it sought the dark foreboding clouds so high above it; then passing into seeming quiet only to leap up again with renewed energy. Great clouds of smoke arose and drifted away until they blended into the black sky. Suddenly the heavens seemed to open and with the hiss of a thousand serpents the rain fell. For a moment the elements struggled, then all was still, leaving a vast stretch of smoking prairie.

G. Laws.

In "The Tiger."

I got hold of a story,
And not to my glory,
I transformed it to verse,
Which made it look worse
In The Tiger.

There were some yells at Lick,
That went along quite slick;
These turned into rhyme
Made them look fine
In The Tiger.

The team upon the track,
Simply was a cracker-jack;
They ran at a fast pace,
The news filled great space
In The Tiger.

The baseball team is there,
When at the score you stare;
They always take the lead,
As we all have agreed,
In The Tiger.

The football team is great—
Wipes the others off the slate;
When dashing through the line
The photos look quite fine
In The Tiger.

The tennis team can play,
They're always game to stay;
And their names are always found,
When the finals come around,
In The Tiger.

At basket-ball we are stickers,
Because we are the Lickers;
In this game we excel,
As all the scores will tell
In The Tiger.

In the Debater's mind,
Any topic we may find;
He stands with all his pride—
But this is cast aside
In The Tiger.

Upon the field of fray
The camera fiends do stray;
But for the club we'll cheer,
If their pictures do look queer
In The Tiger.

But when this poem is read,
Don't get it in your head
That all the glory and gleam
Is just a simple dream,
In The Tiger.

A. Rodda, '07

For the Good of His School.

Coach Hooper and Captain Williams took Harrison to one side.

"You see, Jack, we can't beat Harrington unless we get that two-mile," said the former. "Both you and Williams are good men, but in Jackston they have a man that will beat you both. Unless one of you kill Jackston we can't win this event. Now there is only one way to do it. It's an old trick, but as Jackston is a new man, it may work. That is, for one to lead such a fast pace that it will kill him; while at the same time it will fix you and prevent you from winning. It will leave our other man fresh and he can sprint in at the finish. Of course, before very long Jackston will see the ruse and slow down, but we hope that by that time it will be too late. It's up to either you or Williams to do it. Williams is captain, so we can't ask him. Will you, Jack?"

"For the good of Rodney I will." answered Harrison.

A few minutes of conversation on the chances of winning the intercollegiate ensued, after which the group broke up, the coach and captain going to the campus, Harrison to his quarters.

On the way there he mused on the stroke of fate. Here he was, a Senior now, who had tried for four years to make a place on the track team, and now at his last chance, giving up all hope of distinguishing himself in this sport. True he had made his big "R" in football and baseball, but at track he had not. He had trained faithfully all season; he had made the team, and now—. But well, it was for the good of his alma mater. What did he care if he failed? What did he care if his chums saw him so disgracefully defeated? It was for the sake of his school.

Between this time and the field day he trained faithfully, hoping that by some chance, something would turn up that would soften his fate, hoping that maybe Williams' ankle would again fail him, or that some accident would happen to Jackston. But he was hoping against hope, for Williams' ankle had never been stronger, and "dope" from the Southern University said that Jackston was in perfect trim.

But he trained hard, and the day of the intercollegiate came at last. Hundreds of students and their friends lined the bleachers, some waving the Purple and Gold of Rodney, some the Gray and Red of Harrington.

In the tent of the Rodneyites the coach was giving final instructions to the contestants of the two-mile.

"Remember, Harrison," he said, "lead him a fast pace. Make him follow you right up; tire him out, and after that is accomplished, quit; and you, Williams, keep behind them; lay way back. When Jackston begins to falter, close up on him, and beat him out at the finish."

So this was final; this, to Harrison, was the reward of his years of training. As he walked to the starting place he thought of what he might do, what he would make himself do, if left to himself.

The rooters on the bleachers saw a motion on the part of the starter, and a line of youths took the first position. Another motion; the line of backs was raised. A pistol shot, and the line leaped forward. Past the grand stand they ran, fighting for position. Finally one in purple and gold took the lead.

"Harrison! Harrison!" roared Rodney. Faster he set the pace, closely followed by one in red and gray.

"Jackston! Jackston!" yelled the others As the speed increased one in the colors of Rodney was seen to lag behind.

"Williams knows what he's doing," 'twas said.

Harrington's coach smuggled a few words to Jackston.

"Slow up," he said; "he's baiting you."

In response to this he slacked gradually, finally falling back to within a few paces of Williams. Harrison, too intent to notice this, or to hear the warning of his comrades, kept going at his breakneck speed. He could see nothing now. He was only thinking of following Hooper's orders.

"Kill Jackston, kill Jackston," kept running through his head.

A mile was nearly reached when a smothered exclamation from the rooters caused him to turn his head, just in time to see Williams stagger in his tracks and fall, only to get up, stagger and fall again. "It's his weak ankle again," muttered Harrison. "Now we're in a pretty mess. Williams is out."

Then for the first time he noticed that his opponent had not taken his pace, that he was in fact running fresh and leisurely some two hundred yards behind.

With Williams out could Rodney win the race? How without the race could she win the day?

"I'll stick it out," thought Harrison. "I'll beat you yet, Jackston."

The mile and a half was reached. He was conscious of nothing now. All he did was to mechanically run, run, run, every few hours, it seemed, to hear the number of the lap called.

"Four more!" He looked back. Jackston was only one hundred yards away, and was running strong. He turned again to his work; he kept on running. His feet were leaden weights, his muscles stiff and awkward rods and bands; he seemed to be standing still.

"Three more." This time his rival was only twenty yards behind. Again he turned and ran, ran, ran.

"Two more." He could hear the regular thud, thud, of Jackston right behind him.

"One more." Jackston had passed him and was lighting out on the last lap. A maddening fear took hold of him, and conscious of nothing but keeping up with that flying figure, he put all his energy into his work, like a madman, strong in his one desire.

The last curve was reached. Only one twenty yards more, and he was even with his opponent. Straining every muscle in their well-trained bodies, they braced to the last sprint.

"Jackston! Jackston! He leads! He leads!" cried the excited wearers of the red and gray.

"Harrison! Harrison! Oh, Harrison! Harrison! He cuts the tape! He wins! He wins!"

And standing on the back of the bleachers, hats and megaphones thrown high in the air, voices made hoarse by ten minutes of constant shouting, the victorious crowd of Rodneyites yelled for their idol as he fell senseless into the arms of his waiting comrades.

No wonder that with such self-sacrificing patriots the day was won "For the good of Rodney."

Arnold T. Brown, '07.

THE TIGER

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FOUNDER'S DAY.

The annual observance of Founder's Day at the school took place on September 21st, the thirtieth anniversary of the execution of the deed of trust conveying a large amount of property for public benefits of various kinds, of which our school is one.

An official inspection of the school in operation was made in the morning by the Board of Trustees. When they had concluded a tour of the classrooms and shops, the school assembled to listen to an address commemorating the occasion.

Acting President Harron of the Board briefly recalled the significance of the day and introduced Professor Stillman of Stanford University. Dr. Stillman spoke of his father's friendship for James Lick and of his sympathy with the purposes of the school and his pleasure at being selected by Mr. Lick as one of the first trustees of the fund.

The theme of the address was the necessity of a combination of skill and industry to insure success. Dr. Stillman mentioned examples from his own wide practical experience of one without the other, and the attending failure that resulted. The exception may show a man whose brilliance places him temporarily at the head, but in the long run only skilled industry can maintain a lead in any walk of life. The effect upon character and citizenship that pride in his work, efficiency and faithfulness have in a craftsman, was one of Professor

Stillman's most telling points.

Mr. Merrill concluded the morning's exercises and the afternoon was given up to inspection of the school by visitors and friends.

The Seniors in the college preparatory course acted as ushers and received many compliments on the ease with which their duties were performed.

"SPORTSMANSHIP."

The fact that a number of schools in California are formed into an athletic league would give a person, not educated in this line, the impression that much sport is derived therein. But if this person had witnessed the "Poly"-Lick game of football he would no doubt have received a new definition for sport.

The writer wishes to assure the readers of this article that this is not the grumbling of a "sorehead," but the observations of a spectator and who, if the score was reversed, would have condemned more strongly the same team and its followers in the bleachers; nor are the facts mentioned in this article, the complaints of the players on the Lick team. To get the words of our captain after the game read the account in our athletic column.

The manner in which some of (happy to say not all) the "Poly" team "slugged" and "held" would convince an observer that they were playing because they hated their opponents and were not there because of the pleasure found in the game. Another trick repeatedly done was to move the ball ahead after the whistle was blown.

And the writer believes that if he had been among the "Poly" rooters he would be ashamed to admit it. The idea of organized rooters hooting a coach—one for whom they cheered when he made star plays and kicks for U. C., is beyond the comprehension of a person who goes to the games for sport. Not regarding the unsportsman-like conduct, there must have been a Marc Antony in the atmosphere to cause them to undergo such a reverse of mind. These rooters seem to have lost the pleasure which they should feel, and the brilliancy that may be manifested in such a body.

Students of the Lick School, listen to this plea: If there is any "dirty work" in our athletics at present, dispense with it at once; if we are free at present from such low acts, never let it enter any of our branches; in our rooting let us show our pleasure in the sport and our brilliancy in answering (though not cutting) our opponent's yells and remarks. I make this plea to you because it is you who must start a revolution in the football world, which, if not interfered with in its present course, would in time resemble the arena.

WHY DO WE GO TO SCHOOL?

The solid-minded high school boy would answer this by saying: "We go to school in order to meet the requirements of the world when we are thrown upon our own abilities." And this is exactly right. Yet some of our high school teachers or principals, those whose business it is to fit the pupil for his struggle, deprive him of the most essential factor required in his career. This is the ability to express his thoughts correctly and to deal wisely with his competitors in business, and with the government and its officials.

The surest way to meet these needs is the organizations of the students, and each student should belong to as many deliberative assemblies as possible.

It is at once acknowledged that we acquire the ability to speak in such organizations, but some will be reluctant in believing that they are a help in business. For one who has studied a "Roberts' Rules of Order" or listened to and parti-

cipated in a question before an assembly, and gets nothing more than he reads or hears, we can but feel sorry. In Parliamentary Law we have a systematic organization of its different branches. We see tables and marvel at how much can be simplified if we but know how. In arguing against a resolution in an assembly we notice how its supporters combine their efforts and wit to have it passed; we must think quickly, answer our opponents' queries and retaliate and guard our interest upon every turn.

In business we must systematize everything; even in the shops we must have an outline of our work before us. To compete with other business men we must divide our different branches up and determine the number of men required in each.

If we wish the Supervisors to pass a law favoring us we must know their manner of proceedure and the best time and manner to introduce our question. Often times a shrewd person has won out by technicalities or by knowing in which channel of law to enter his subject.

As stated before all these advantages are obtained in deliberative assemblies. Some, as reason for "bucking" organization of the students, will say that the power of speech is obtained in the English recitation room. This statement is true, but the thoughts which the student express are not his own. They are obtained from the book which he was instructed to read the night before, and are already organized for him. In the recitation room, the majority of the students do not realize that the recitation is for them. They seem to think that the recitation is for the teacher, since it is compulsory. In the assembly the student will talk because the question concerns him, and if he does not think, use his wit, and express his thoughts correctly he will be defeated.

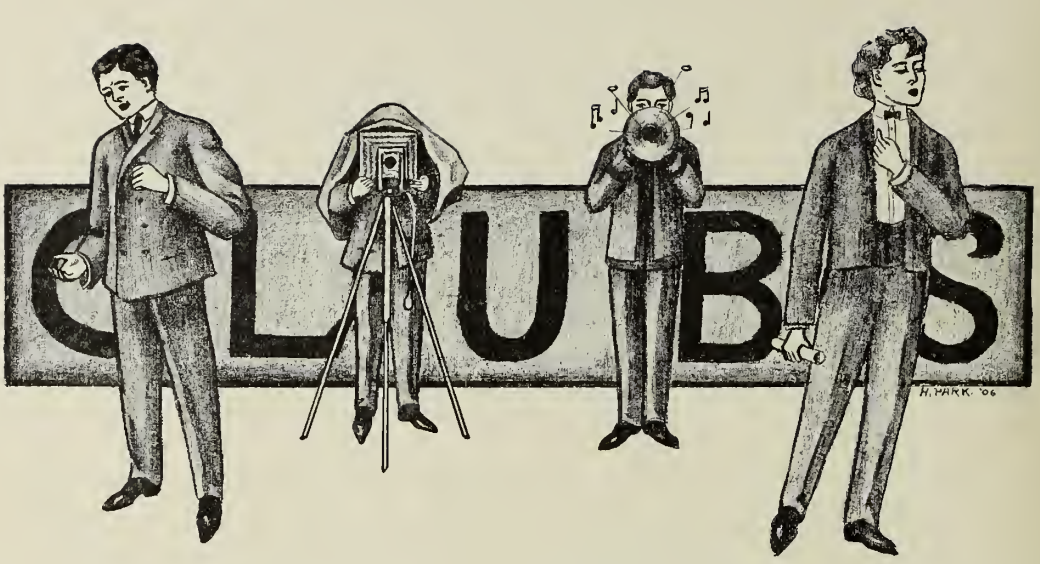
The previous mentioned anti-organizationists will state that the pupils will throw chalk and erasers if they are allowed a room by themselves. Certainly they will. Give a human being an unaccustomed liberty and see if he will not abuse it. But this will last but a short while. The causes which lead to an orderly assembly will not be numerated here, but neverthless the writer has noticed that after a few meetings are held the throwing habit disappears and each member waits anxiously for the next meeting, that he may bring up a question of interest to himself or his associates.

Mr. Merrill, the principal of the Lick School, uses these precise words: "Organize! We want more organizations." And this is his policy in dealing with the students.

Notice, aside from the benefits to the students the benefit and time saved for our principal. The students meet and determine what is needed, then one person is sent to Mr. Merrill with their message very clearly and precisely worded. Instead, if this simple statement of the majority of the students, he would, without organizations, receive complaints from a dozen pupils every day and still be unable to determine what the majority would have.

But one student activity in our school is interfered with by the faculty. They interfere because Seminar, the organization referred to, is compulsory. In this, the faculty merely select the subject, principally technical, to be lectured upon. Even in this interference the students have a say, for three of the Seminar body help in drawing up the program.

Every class in our school is organized, and apart from these we have a Camera Club, Glee Club, Debating Society, and a Board of Managers elected by the student body. We earnestly ask that the young students take advantage of the liberal policy of the school and take part in as many enterprises as possible.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Lick School Debating Society was formed a year ago. It joined the Debating League of California soon after its organization. Its members have learned that forensic logic and forensic eloquence are so far above their capacity that their craniums cannot masticate and digest both. However, they are determined to climb as high in the art of organizing encyclopedic material, and of delivering it in original packages, as they assure each other that they do. This determination on the part of the eloquent wielders of the dictionary has culminated in some of the most notable orators of the twentieth century. All members of the school know who these wonders are. These oratorical marvels will doubtless acquire a debating cup to annex to the large and growing supply of cups kept in stock.

Much is expected of new members who have served an apprenticeship in grammar-school debating societies. More would be expected of them if their training had begun when they were babes in arms.

Last year Lick had two league debates, one with Oakland Evening High, the other with Vallejo High School. At both of these debates the enthusiasm of the members of the school reached high-water mark. Lick is scheduled to debate with Berkeley High School on November 25, Berkeley to submit the question, and Lick to choose sides. The team has to work hard. It is an immense help if the whole school is loyal to the team.

A debate comes off or goes off every Friday. No week without a debate. No debate without a week.

The present officers are: President, Jerome E. Barieau; vice-president, Miss Hazel Henderson; secretary, Miss Harriet Park; treasurer, Arnold Brown; sergeant-at-arms, Edgar Randall.

SENIOR SEMINAR.

The Senior Seminar was formally organized on September the sixth. A temporary chairman was elected and a committee appointed to draft a suitable constitution. At the next meeting, on September the eleventh, the committee submitted an instrument which was found suitable and duly accepted.

As was provided for in the constitution a committee was appointed to assist the faculty committee, Mr. Tibbets, in ar-

ranging programs. Mr. Henderson, chairman, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Cooper were the appointments made.

The first regular meeting of the Seminar was held on September the twentieth. Mr. Liebold reviewed current scientific literature and an interesting debate was presented on the following subject: "Resolved, that the third-rail system is destined to supersede the overhead trolley system." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Cooper, Vanatta and Strauss; the negative, by Messrs. Barieau, Park and Ghetaldi. The judges were Mr. Woodman, Mr. Drew and Mr. Johns. They returned the decision that the negative had the best of the debate as far as the technicalities of debating were concerned, but that the affirmative side presented the best argument and showed better preparation.

The meeting of September the twenty-seventh was made quite interesting. Mr. Daniels reported on current literature and Mr. Strauss gave the paper of the day on "The Manufacture of Brick," illustrated with lantern slides. He also had many samples of bricks.

There is every reason why this branch of the senior work should be interesting and instructive.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

Since the beginning of the term the membership of the Camera Club has increased very materially. Of the charter members there are three remaining in the club. Most of last year's members are still active.

Since August 31 ten new members have been enrolled and we expect to have our membership increased farther by a number of the girls who have shown their intention of joining; this will promote the social as well as the photographic feature of the club.

The remodeling of the dark room has been completed and a fresh supply of chemicals installed. This fact, together with outings that are being planned, will, we hope, make the next year a successful one for the club.

Girls who wish to join communicate with Miss Lou Knell, '07.

Boys interested in photography can get information from Paul Miller, '08, or Morton, '07, Vanatta, '06.

My Mysterious Neighbor.

"Strange, very strange," I muttered as I again gazed at the old rambling place across the street. For three nights successively I had seen a man leave this house at exactly the same hour, yet never saw him return, though still he left the next night.

The house, once a beautiful home, was very old, and plainly showed the effect of the weather. It sat quite a distance back from the street and the yard was now over-grown with weeds. My strange neighbor had rented it but a short time ago and one never saw him except at night, and then while leaving the house.

I was interested. I determined that next evening I would lie in wait and follow him. I made sure he would not escape me and was crouching in the shadow an hour before the time. Regular as ever, as the clock struck nine my neighbor appeared. This night he seemed cautious, for before leaving the gate looked up and down the street. I waited for him to get a short distance ahead, then I followed. Up one street, down the other, many times I thought he was working in a circle. If he suspected me of following him he showed no signs of it by his gait.

Suddenly he darted down a small dark street, then into a cheap lodging-house. An old lamp dimly burning in the entrance was the only light to guide me and I followed blindly not knowing nor caring whither he lead. Up one flight, up two flights, he went, I keeping near enough to be able to see him. As he reached the top of the second flight I heard a door open and close; to which room it belonged I could not tell. I determined, however, by the rate he was going and the suddenness with which it closed that it must be the door nearest the stairs. So far this night I had done all I could, so I retraced my steps to my home.

Next day I went back to the lodging-house. I inquired for the landlady. A stout, good-natured woman of middle age I found her, and kind and very agreeable. She was to show me the rooms on the first floor.

"But," I interrupted, "I like the second floor better, one near the stairs, for I come in late at night, and leave early in the morning."

"Truly now, 'twas a shame! for only this month ago I rented the only room I had on the second floor to Mr. Kindas."

This I determined was my man, so I rented a room on the first floor, where I could watch him come and go. Before a week was over I had learned from my landlady that Mr. Kindas kept a grocery store on N—— street. Just the thing. I could go to the grocery store on pretense of buying something and get a good look at this possible crook.

I strolled into his store as soon as possible to see my man. A tall, well-proportioned man of fifty was Mr. Kindas, nervous in manner, yet he had rather a kindly face. I spoke of the weather and so forth while making my purchase, but he either suspected my motive or did not care to talk, for a grunt answered my questions and I could interpret it as I chose for yes or no. I started on a direct line of conversation then to find its effect.

"I believe, Mr. Kindas," I said, "that you are a neighbor of mine. Don't you live in that old house on B—— street?"

A look of confusion passed over his face and he avoided my gaze as he ans-

wered: "I guess you've made a mistake in your man, for I don't live there."

I humbly offered an apology, which was not accepted. I quickly came to the conclusion since he had acted so suspiciously that he rather thought I was watching him. If he had committed a crime in the house, why did he still stay here and visit it so often? Why, if he rented this house, did he not live in it instead of renting a room in a lodging-house? Here I was with these suspicions, and a possible crook, working quietly under our very noses, and yet I was practically at a standstill, for I had no definite clew.

I slowly made my way back to the lodging-house to think it over and to try to learn some more of this man from my landlady. I was in my room but a short time, when some one gently rapped. It was the landlady, Mrs. Morse. She had come to tell me I could have a room on the second floor.

"Now, that is too bad," I said, "to lose one of your roomers."

"Yes it is," she answered, "but I did not lose anything by having him go, you see he had paid me a month in advance, and indeed I was perfectly confident of having him stay, when lo, and behold! he packs his things and off he goes last night. He was a nice, quiet man and it's seldom you get that kind."

"What room is it you have vacant?" I inquired.

"Why, Mr. Kindas' room," she answered, in surprise at my ignorance, "that's the reason I came to offer it to you."

Now, it was my turn to be surprised, but I said nothing, but quietly went to inspect the room he had had.

Nothing was in view here to further arouse my suspicions. I could not very well let Mrs. Morse see me looking for anything special. I had spied a pamphlet under the bed and determined I must have it. Luckily for me the bell rang and I was left alone. I had only a few minutes, but made a hurried search. A small box labeled nitro-glycerine, a socialistic pamphlet, and a clock-like contrivance rewarded my efforts. These in themselves to my mind were incriminating enough, yet I needed more direct evidence. I did not take the room of Mr. Kindas, excusing myself on the ground that I did not want to change again.

Mr. Kindas had denied being a neighbor of mine. This plainly showed he had no right in the house, so I would place a charge on that score against him, have him arrested and work up my case more in the meantime.

So far I had shadowed him so successfully and had my plans laid so definitely I determined no time was to be lost, fearing he would suddenly leave the town. I went to the police headquarters. Here I unfolded my plan and all my suspicions most carefully. This they determined was a good case and it was decided immediately I should have three policemen to help me capture my man. Great care had to be taken for we did not want to injure him in any way, for we were taking him on suspicion. But evidences were plainly against him, for what use could a mere grocer have for nitro-glycerine?

Three hours before the time my burly companions and myself started toward the house. We determined to force an entrance and lie in wait within the house, for here we could watch his operations more closely. At last he came. Cautiously he peered around with a dark lantern, then he set to work at a little sink. We were carefully hidden behind some old barrels and chairs, but had a good view of our crook. When he finished his work, he again took his dark lantern and went to another part of the house, we following. Up to the second floor he went and into the back bedroom. Several times he stopped and listened as though detecting a noise. Into a closet

of the room he went. He was there quite a while as though searching for something. When he re-appeared he carried a long, flat bundle. Here was this crook stealing at his leisure right under our very noses and no one stopping him. I had the criminal of the age in my hands, and my reputation was at last obtained, a successful detective!

Down the stairs he went and after carefully trying the back door, he started toward the front of the house. As he stepped from the front door I laid my hand on him, at the same time asking him his right to the house.

"Submit," I demanded, "or it will be a sorry day for you."

Before I had time to do any more he had banged the door closed, which clicked with a patent catch, and away he darted to the gate, I following very close. Several times his breath seemed to fail him, but then he would start again with renewed vigor. At the end of the fourth cross street he stumbled or was worn out and fell, I could not tell why, but before he could recover himself, I was on him and my three burly friends were running to my assistance, and a hard fight he put up, too. He demanded the reason for his arrest, saying it was a pity a decent man could not go about his own business.

"G'wan! Tell that to the judge! I'm not listening to your hard luck stories," said my blue-coated friend, as he gently gave him a kick to get along.

"Arrested on suspicion," was the charge placed against him, and his case came to trial next day, I being chief witness.

Things seemed pretty much against him after I gave my testimony, and he started in his own behalf. The reason he rented the house was to store his furniture while his family was back east. It developed that the house had a gate leading to it from a back street, which I knew nothing about, and this being easier of access from his store, he entered the house this way, but left by the front door, as it was nearer his lodging-house.

This explained the reason why I had never seen him enter. He had been going there lately and developing some pictures, which he could not do elsewhere. The reason for his sudden change of room was that he decided he'd live nearer his place of business. The nitro-glycerine box was fully explained, as he had to take this in small quantities for his heart. These facts were fully investigated and found to be true, and so my crook was allowed to go.

"And," he said, turning to me, "in the future, young man, tend to your own affairs. I could have you arrested for forcing an entrance to my house, but I do not care for notoriety; take this as a lesson, though, for next time you may not fare so well."

Though I was the laughing stock of the courtroom, I apologized, thanked him for his advice and so ended my first detective work.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, '06.

SCHOOL and ALUMNI NEWS.

The twenty-fifth day of August saw the first rally of our new school year. "Bill" Henderson acted as chairman. Many speeches were made by our notables. "Capt. Bill" Main spoke on football, Mel on track and Mr. Tibbets, trainer, on athletics in general.

New yell leaders were nominated and elected, as our last year's leaders are now at college. The leaders elect are Mr. L. Arnold and Mr. E. Thompson.

September 17, 1905, second athletic rally.

Mr. Barieau acted as chairman. Mr. Main, our football captain, spoke on football, Mr. Mel on track, Mr. Barieau on TIGER and Debating Club, and Mr. E. Thompson on getting of rooters'hats. Mr. Merrill dwelt principally on Founders' Day and of the leaving of our woodwork instructor, Mr. Hewitt. The latter said a few words of farewell to the student body. Mr. Hewitt has been with us for eleven years, ever since the school was founded. During these eleven years all who have had the good fortune to meet him have learned to admire him. He is to take a position at the head of the woodwork department at the California Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles.

September 22, 1905, athletic rally.

Mr. Barieau acted as chairman. Many speeches were made. Mr. Tibbets, trainer, Mr. Mel, Mr. Johns, Mr. Randall, Mr. Miller, Mr. Bromley, all spoke on the field days that were coming. Mr. Arnold told the boys how he wanted them to yell at the games and field days.

Mr. Henderson spoke on football. The rally closed with a tremendous "Alibibo."

A farewell luncheon was given Mr. Hewitt by the faculty on Friday, September 17, the last day he met his classes here. The teachers' table had been charmingly decorated by the cooking class with brakes fresh from the hills of Berkeley. They also contributed two delicious cakes, masterpieces for so short an experience as '07's. An ice-cream brick was served on halves of musk melon to add another festive item to the usual menu. All at the luncheon forgot for awhile the incident which called it, and enjoyed themselves immensely.

After the fun subsided Mr. Hewitt expressed his appreciation of the friendliness underlying the occasion and the perfect accord of the teachers in all their work for the school. Mr. Merrill very happily replied. He alluded to the foundation of the school eleven years ago and to the efficiency of Mr. Hewitt at every turn since that beginning. He said: "He has never missed a point in his work, and

to thank him for all he has done for the school, the students, the faculty and the principal would be impossible."

The hearty applause following Mr. Merrill's words proved that he spoke for all present and the faculty then adjourned to the rally that Mr. Hewitt might take his leave of the students.

We now have with us eight U. C. '05 graduates. They are to assist in the different departments until Christmas, when they are entitled to teachers' certificates. Those who are assisting in English are Misses Bradford, Cleary, Clark, Gilogly, and Richardson;Miss Kerwin and Misses Skinner and Schroeder from the Normal in history and Misses Schmierer and Schroeder in German, complete the list.

The election of the Board of Managers for the coming year has been held with the following results:

Girls—Misses Houston and Caubu.

Boys—'06, Murray and Henderson; '07, Randall and Dearin; '08, Coleman and Miller; '09, Knox and Little.

A meeting of the girls was called by Miss Southwick September 25. A "glazing fund" for the girls was started. The purchasing of a tennis net was discussed. It was moved and seconded that a letter of thanks be sent to McCloud River Company and Morrison Lumber Company—firms who donated lumber to the girls for the purpose of building dressing-rooms in the basket-ball and tennis grounds.

Among the many former students of Lick who have visited us this quarter are: Adele Winchell, '05; Minnie Harris, '05; Josephine Girot, '05; Isabelle Caubu, '05; Miss P. Carter, '03; Edna Gamble, ex-'06; Frances Fitchen, '03; Sadie Flack, '04; "Chick" O'Connor, '05; Ed. Rogers, '05; Benjamin Hirschfeld, '05; L. Seminario, ex-'05; Mr. Toklas, '05; C. Rochester, ex-'06; F. Hund, '05; George Gladwin, '03.

There are twenty-five '05 graduates in the freshman class at U. C., which is the greatest number of students that entered this year from any one school. Among those of the '05 class who entered are: Minnie Harris, "Chick" O'Connor, M. Hotchkiss, H. Snell, H. Erskin, E. Poorman, F. Bowley, J. Hill, W. Hund, F. Irving, E. Markwart, W. Garmes, W. Draper.

Edgar Button, '04, former editor of THE TIGER, entered U. C. this year with the freshman class.

Fred Long, '02, is leader of the U. C. Cadet Band, with the rank of captain.

Paul Magerstadt, '04, did not re-enter college this year, but is working in Sterling City with Mr. Wise, our former Math. instructor. They are assisting in the installment of a large electrical plant. "Ike" Doane, '05, is also with them on the job.

Fred Hund, '05, is attending a college of pharmacy.

Harry Hund, '03, is attending Cooper's Medical College.

Fred Moullen, '05, is attending the Oregon University.

George White, '05, last year's baseball captain, is working for the Interurban Railroad in Vallejo.

M. Strauss, '05, and Mr. G. de Ghetaldi, '05, are taking post graduate courses at Lick.

Mr. E. R. Bulpitt, '05, is managing his brother's business in Bishop, Cal.

C. Smith, '05, is in Binghamton, Cal.

Roy Dodson, '05, is working on a survey in San Diego.

H. de Laney, '04, has taken a position in Los Angeles.

R. Young, '04, is foreman for the Mt. Diablo Light and Power Co, in Tracy, Cal.

L. Rosenstein, '05, is chemist for the Stauffer Chemical Works.

F. Brown, '05, is drafting for the Beyan Elevator Works.

L. Lickel, '05, is drafting for Abner Doble & Company.

G. Trost, '05, is assisting Dr. Rogers at Cooper Medical College.

J. Enas, '05, is assistant chemist at the Alvarado Sugar Company.

W. Porteus, '05, is pattern-making at Abner Doble Company.

Benjamin Wigney, '04, is chemist at Western Sugar Refining Company.

All the way from Honolulu comes the news of the engagement of Marguerite Belser, '04.

Great excitement prevailed at school when the marriage of Mr. George Hawkins, '03, and Miss Ethel Merritt, ex-'06, came off. Everybody who knew Mr. Hawkins and Miss Merritt while at Lick knew of their friendliness and although there were rumors of an engagement, the wedding was a great surprise to us. Miss Merritt was undoubtedly the best basketball player that ever played on the Lick team. We all wish Mr. Hawkins and his charming bride the greatest happiness.

As a great surprise came the news of the marriage of Miss Minna Carstensen, '03.

An annual reunion of the C. S. M. A. A. was held in the freehand drawing-room of the school on the evening of June 26, '05. The room was very artistically decorated. The athletic victory cups were on display on the old James Lick bench, and no doubt the alumni looked upon their younger fellows with pride.

The '05 class was at the meeting in a bunch and occupied one corner, waking others up by occasional songs and yells to the fact that there was an '05 class.

Roll was called by Miss Carrie Dinsmore, '99, during which proceeding she was interrupted very often to be told to change the names from Miss to Mrs. or to be informed of the different boy graduates "settling down." On the whole it very much resembled a marriage bureau, rather than an alumni reunion.

The constitution was then read, after which refreshments were served by the '05 girls.

Result of the election of officers for the coming year is as follows:

President, Louis Gilbert, '04; first vice-president, Carrie Dinsmore, '99; second vice-president, Benjamin Wigney, '02; recording secretary, Yvonne Greer, '04; corresponding secretary, Mr. Campbell, '02; treasurer, Roy McClellan, '02; sergeant-at-arms, Hugh Jones, '04.

Lick students at the Stanford University are still to be regarded as pioneers in as much as there are but six enrolled at the present time.

Lewis F. Halloran, ex-'05, and Elmo Cope, '04, are in the '08 class at Stanford. Cope has not been able to participate in athletics, as he has been having considerable trouble with a strained tendon, which was injured in the latter days of his career of laurel gathering under the black and gold. Cope will appear on the track in the spring and much is expected of him, as sprinters are badly needed in "Dad" Moulton's squad.

In the '09 class of Stanford there are four Lick graduates. Roger McPherson and Elwood Naylor, both '04 Lick boys, are in this class. They have been engaged in commercial activities for a year, so did not enter college when they graduated from Lick. The other two Lick boys in the freshman class are "Susie" Rogers, '05, and "Davie" Walker. All of the Lick graduates are in the engineering departments with the exception of Naylor, who is a major in the college of law.

From the present outlook this should be a record year for shop work. All the classes are unusually large.

In the wood-working department, under the supervision of Mr. McLeran, formerly assistant instructor, the work is progressing very nicely. The boys have finished the preliminary course in joinery, and are beginning to use the machines for larger work.

If you want to see some fine work, go into the foundry and take a look at what was turned out on Founder's Day. Among this work are castings for a 20-inch drill press, Emery grinder, and a ten horse-power direct-current motor. They are as fine a set of castings as can be found anywhere. (Of course the boys are not altogether responsible for such a fine cast, as work of this kind is watched closely by our able instructor.)

Old Capa-city has taken a queer notion to operate without even a call down from Mr. Lacoste

There isn't a great deal of heavy forging going on in the forge-shop at present, but just wait until the apprentices in the machine shop send sketches of the different forged parts of the machines to be constructed this year.

Among the machines already scheduled to be turned out this year are: One 20-inch drill press; one 12-inch sensitive drill press; an 18-inch shaper like the one in the machine shop at the present time; a duplex oil pump; one 4x6-inch hoist; a ten horse-power direct-current motor; one half horse-power single-phase alternating-current motor; one horse-power two-phase alternating-current motor; 4x5 vertical engine; one 6-inch and one 12-inch lathe chuck; air pump for Wilmerding School, and a foundry ladle of 2,000 pounds capacity.

Invitations will soon be issued for a speedy ride around the bay in Mr. Gill's new speed launch.

The launch will be thirty-five feet in length, four feet six inches in beam, and two feet four inches deep. She will be built of the very best one-quarter-inch mahogany. The heel will be of white oak. The engine floors and beams are also of oak. The deck will be made of 3-16 inch mahogany.

The motor is of the four-cylinder type. The exhaust and intake valves are side by side. The crank case will be made of aluminum, with bronze bearings for main shaft. At 1000 revolutions per minute very little vibration will be noticed. The motor is capable of developing between forty and fifty horse-power. The boat is guaranteed to make thirty knots per hour under good conditions.

Due notice will be given of date of trial trip.

According to the custom at present in vogue among high schools the Exchange column has become, in most papers, merely an unintelligible jumble of small paragraphs, uninteresting to the reader they should reach first—the student. Schools exchange their papers that they may learn how to better their own publication by appearances and the suggestions in the Exchange column. But—they also exchange that the student-body of one school may know what is going on in the rest of the student world; and this must necessarily take place through the system of exchanges. These being the convictions of THE TIGER, a scheme of circulating the exchanges among out student-body will soon be instituted, in order that the Exchange column of this paper shall nearly represent the consensus of opinion of the pupils themselves and thus make this column both intelligible and interesting to both the majority of our readers and our exchanges.

This being the first edition of the new volume of THE TIGER, it seems appropriate, after outlining our policy, to make one or two general observations on the papers we have received. In perhaps half our exchanges we find they urge others to embellish their pages with cuts, on the ground that it improves their appearance. Still, it seems to us, that an article is better without cuts, unless the cuts are good. And good ones are sometimes hard to procure, so we take it that the matter of cuts and zincos, together with comments on the quality of paper a book happens to be published on, should be considered entirely without our sphere.

On the literary side of the fence, however, is a different matter. Here, prep. schools are, or should be, very near the same level.

The San Diego Russ, the Blue and White of Sacred Heart and the Bakersfield Oracle are among the first in matters of school literature. Their stories and articles deal with events and things with which the writer can be familiar and upon which he can write without fear of "spilling over" into what might be termed sentimental "bosh," as so many do.

The Lodi Annual and the St. Helena Far Darter are among the neatest of the smaller papers, but somewhat personal in their joshes. This is a joke: "Why does Sara like to live in the country?" Answer: "Because she can then go Hunting."

The students of Oakland Poly have done noble work in their Scribe. We must remember that their's is but a two-year course at school.

The Aegis of Oakland and Berkeley's Olla Podrida both contain crisp, breezy reviews of athletics. Somehow, in their last numbers, one or two fairly humorous jokes got mixed in with the collection of rather monotonous personals that make up the body of their joshes.

The girls of Irving Institute must be both a scholarly and an enterprising crowd, judging from the poetry and work in the Irving Echoes.

"A merry and a prosperous year to our exchanges."

The Quiet Colors of Evening.

Dusk was creeping on up the mountains and the setting sun burst flower-like into one mass of rosy bloom as its rim touched the calm, cool ocean. The dying rays streamed resplendent in floods of gold across the white-capped waves. The sky was all aflame with the colors of the setting sun.

Looking down into the cool valley below me I could see a clambering, unsuspected road that wound through the tangled shrubs and disappeared in the distance.

The sea-breeze brought refreshing strength to the very trees, after the intense heat of the day.

Suddenly the still air was awakened by the melodious voice of a bird singing its vesper hymn. Presently its comrades joined it in the happy song and the hearts of the mountains seemed to thrill with joy, and responded with their soft and distant echoes.

The sun's last rays kissed the emerald waves, and then sank from sight. The birds seased singing; and then arose the bright, full moon like a golden ball, with no perceptible motion. The silver stars peeped from their homes in the heavens. The moon's fitful glimmers through the leaves of the tall trees came and went along the mountains of summer and cast their long shadows in the dark valley below.

The twilight brought out the moths, with wings a hand-breadth wide, who fluttered in the shadows. The mountains seemed astir with unseen things—wings above and pattering feet below—while around them hung the forest's impenetrable gloom.

ADRIENNE G. FORD. '08.

THE LINK-MOTION GAS-ENGINE PLAN.

There was once a print in the drawing-room,
Which the 'prentices nowhere could see;
So Hammond they sent down to blue-printing Hall,
To find where the blue print could be.

"Ampere" Hammond went down the hall stairs,
And said to the blue-print man,
That the drawing apprentices wanted to find
The link-motion gas-engine plan.

"Sarah" Hall scratched his wise old head,
And stood for a moment in thought;
"Alas! I don't know where it is," he said,
"But I think that the engineer ought."

Hammond, minus blue-print, to the room returned
Just as the hour was o'er;
"Ampere" is wise in geometry,
But he's not up in gas-engine lore.

WINTER, '08.

Lick is a young school compared with other high schools in this city, as the first class graduated in 1897. But as young as it is, and as much study as is required of a student of this institution, there seems to be slight hindrance to Lick's athletic progress.

Almost from the school's beginning, Tiger athletes made their appearance on the oval, gridiron and diamond, and even the girls had a basket-ball team.

In the football season of '99 Lick sent its football team against a formidable aggregation from Lowell, the Tigers' great rival, and, according to tradition, played two of the hardest fought tie games ever witnessed in high school athletics. Lowell defeated Lick in a third game by a decisive score.

Then came the twentieth century teams. Each field-day the Lick score would annex a point or two. "Skat" or Scatina, Newport, Hall, White and Naylor appeared on the diamond in the spring of 1903. Here the Tigers' rival, Lowell, bit the dust of defeat in a perfect game of baseball with a score of three to nothing.

A week later Lick met with a crushing defeat, administered by Palo Alto High in a ten to five game. This finished athletics for the term ending June, 1903.

In the fall of 1903 the Tigers started on an unreversible march of triumph. The manager of football engaged Walter Smock to coach his team. The track manager immediately wanted an instructor for the greyhounds, grasshoppers and giants. This the student treasury could not afford, but the students themselves soon overcame this difficulty by generously subscribing, and "Billy" Powell, an excellent professor in field sports, was added to the coach board.

In a short time the school was wild with enthusiasm. Both track and football teams were in perfect condition and rallys were held every two weeks to keep the athletic enthusiasm alive.

Lick met Polytechnic High, a new rival, in a tie game of six to six, defeated Mission, but upon meeting Lowell, the school against which the Tigers had never scored a victory in football, was still unable to break the charm and went down to defeat in a ten to nothing game. Lick now played off the tie with "Poly" and conquered by a score of ten to two. By a percentage system "Poly" won the Sub-League and lost the Academic Championship to Berkeley High.

The track team entered a full list in the San Francisco field-day and the word surprise did not wholly express the attitude of the other contestants.

The team covered itself with glory, as some of the records made by Lick men on that day still remain unequaled. Paul Magerstadt, who had entered former

field-days alone; Dodson, a newly discovered half-miler, along with Cope, Delaney, Beck, Golcher, Moullen, Hotchkiss, Gibson, Johns, Jones, O'Connor, Black, Millard and Champreux, were used in making the first great track team of the Tigers.

In the spring of '04 Lick took first honors in all three field-days. We again won the baseball Sub-League and again lost the Academic Championship to Palo Alto High.

This triumphant march is unequaled. In the fall of 1904, when it was thought that most of Lick's athletic material had graduated, Smock, the engaging of whom the year before had fired the athletic bomb for Lick, was again persuaded to undertake the football problem. Hotchkiss was captain, and with Moullen, the great high school sprinter and field-goal kicker, O'Connor, at end, Main and White at tackles, and Merritt, Hall and Snell back of the line, Walter Smock had little trouble in turning out an Academic Championship team, which fairly defeated Los Angeles for state championship.

The track team again won the three field-days and in the spring of this year the baseball team won the Academic and State Championships without any dispute whatsoever.

March on Lick, march on!

LICK-FRESHMAN GAME.

This being the first game of the season and against such a formidable team no great showing by the Tigers could have been expected. At times the team showed bucking ability and also a great weakness in defensive play. Most of the team showed capability and grit, but not in sufficient quantities to check the Freshmen's onslaught. Toward the end of the second half the Tigers seemed to have lost the stagefright and got down to business, but too late in the game to do any scoring. But they stopped a third touchdown.

Freshmen 11, Lick 0.

Line-up:

R. E. ..... Deakin, Mitchell
R. T. ..... French
R. G. ..... Keenan, Boxton
C. ..... Merrilless
L. G. ..... McNeil
L. T. ..... Capt. Main
L. E. ..... Leach, Lodge
Quarter ..... Hall
R. H. ..... Henderson, Johns
L. H. ..... Miller
Full ..... Rodgers

LICK-POLYTECHNIC GAME.

The teams of these two schools are about equal in weight and style of play, but the difference which won "Poly's" victory was in the team work.

At the beginning of the first half "Poly" kicked to Lick. Both teams pounded the line and tried the ends, but were unable to advance the ball any great distance. Coach Heitmuller's close defensive ends had disastrous effects on "Poly's" end run formations, which certainly would have been touch-downs had they not been broken up in the start.

Near the end of the second half the only touch-down of the game was made. After struggling desperately for fifteen minutes "Poly" gained possession of the ball on the Lick twenty-five-yard line, and, with a series of bucks outside of tackle scored five points. "Poly" failed to kick the goal. The game ended with Lick in possession of the ball at the middle of the field and heading for "Poly's" goal at a strong pace.

This is the first time in the history of the school that "Poly" conquered Lick on the gridiron.

Captain Main said in an interview after

the game: "We were beaten by a better team. That's all there is to it."

Final score: Polytechnic 5, Lick 0. The line-up follows:

Lick.	Position.	Polytechnic.
Hotchkiss	L. E. R.	Elsworth
Main	L. T. R.	Boyd
McNeil	L. G. R.	Korbel
Merrillees	Center	Day
Boxton	R. G. L.	Corcoran
Keenan	R. T. L.	Ashley
Deakin	R. E. L.	Danziger
Hall	Quarter	Saunders
Miller	L. H. R.	Frank
Henderson	L. H. R.	Garibaldi
Rogers	Full	Edwards

THE SAN FRANCISCO FIELD DAY

In this tournament Lowell at first seemed to be a sure winner. But with Miller winner in the hundred and Captain Mel, Golcher and Thompson taking all three places in the two-twenty-yard dash in handy style, the Tigers' team started to stack up points. Johns, Holmes and Johnson acted like strong men and not a few more points were added to the Lick score. Meyer seems to be a sure thing in the half mile, Crabtree second in the quarter and Griffith second in the pole vault. The former also ran a fast lap in the relay. Knox, the freshman broad jumper, did well in taking a place at his debut in high school athletics.

In numbers the yell leaders were disappointed with the rooters, but those that were there backed up their team admirably.

BAY COUNTIES FIELD DAY.

It seems that this tournament becomes a closer contest each year. In the last one Oakland High made points in all but three events and won with forty-seven points. Lowell ran second with twenty-five; Lick third, with twenty-four; Berkeley High fourth, with twenty-two. This makes three schools almost tie for second place, for which Lick was beaten by a school she had conquered but a week before.

Munro of Berkeley High was the wonder of the day, lowering the time for the two miles from 10:43 to 10:32. Walker of Oakland High broke the record for the four forty by seven-twentieths of a second, and Vail of the same school raised the pole-vault mark to ten feet eleven and one-half inches.

The Lick rooters lacked colors and noise. There is no excuse for this, because there is not a huskier bunch of boys in any other high school in the state and they should be well able to protect any amount of colors and give off sound in large quantities.

SWIMMING.

After winning the A. A. L. championship last spring, Lick's chances look exceedingly bright for a crack team. Training will begin shortly. Captain Thompson has arranged for a series of meets to be held during the winter between the different classes. Medals will be given the largest point winners at the end of the season. All those who can swim or are interested in swimming should see Thompson or Bromley.

BICYCLING.

Last year Fred Moullen, Bill Main, and three other students of the school went over to Elmhurst and competed with Wilmerding and won, for that year, the bicycle cup, which is to be won three times in succession by either Lick or Wilmerding in a twenty-five-mile relay race.

All those who wish to try for this year's team should make themselves known to Roberts or Coleman as soon as possible.

Why is Lick like a fish?
Answer—Because it has a "Gill."

Young lady relating a trip to Mt. Tamalpais: "After we viewed the scenery we took the trail down."

Evidently a Freshman's composition: "How a Runaway was Stopped by a Small Boy."

Notice to Senior Course XI.—Beware of a(r)rest.

Why is Lick School like Holland?
Because it has "Dutch Holmes."

There is fellow called Jake,
To see the fight his purse he did rake;
But when he got there
His stomach was bare,
So for popcorn a dash he did make.

Boobar (discussing primary elections) "A man may be sworn in at the primary and compelled to vote the same ticket at the regular election."

Miss Adams (pointing at Boobar)—"There is something wrong there. Then she explained how his *statement* was wrong."

Miss Southwick (giving a lecture on metrical structure):

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Mr. Merrill to Capt. Main—Well, Main, how is the football team getting along?

Bill—Pretty good, but Rodgers and Hall are always kicking.

There was a smile upon her face,
Her upper lip did twitch;
'Twas only Miss Crittenden looking on
A freshie girl's first stitch.

Miss Adams (to second-year girls)—Girls, where are your passes?

Miss H. (sotto voce)—Oh, we'll make a noise like a pass.

Miss —— (to '09 in short trousers)—What well-known animal supplies you with food and clothing?

Freshie (after some thought)—My father.

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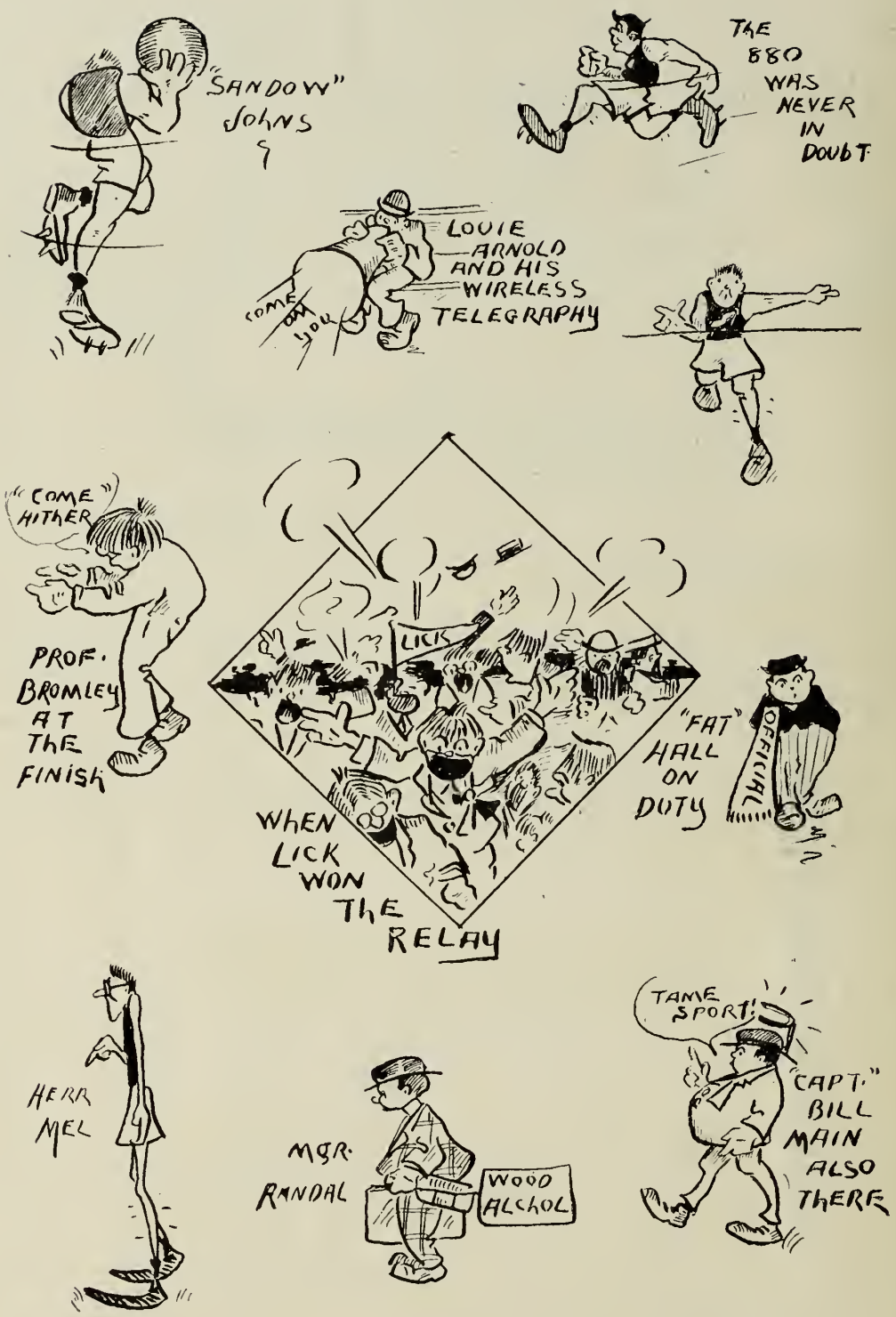
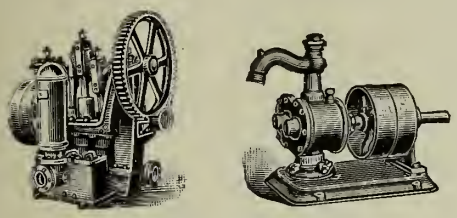


SAN FRANCISCO FIELD DAY.



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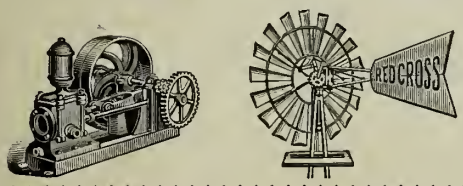

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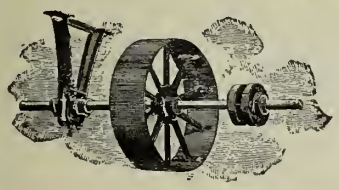

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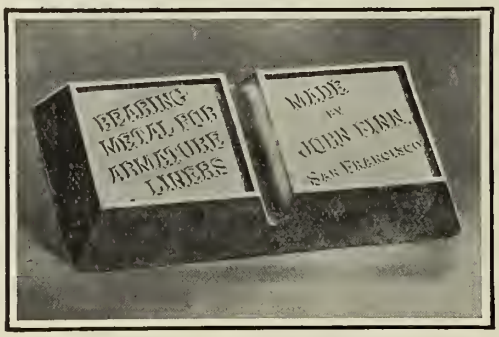

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It would be a good thing if the school had hats.—Thompson.

"Have you been through Geometry?"
"Yes, but it was at night and I did not see much."

Mr. Merrill, as one of the students was extracting a dog from the school—That's a good Hall (haul).

Anybody that wants to run can run across the bay Saturday.—Mel.

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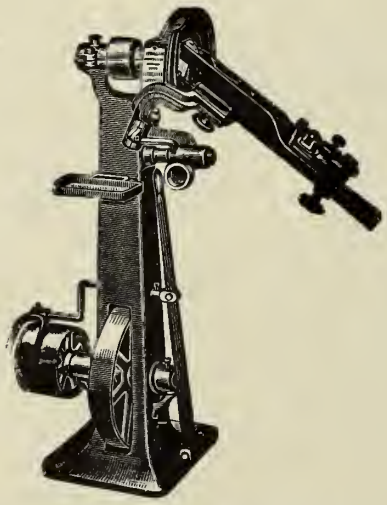

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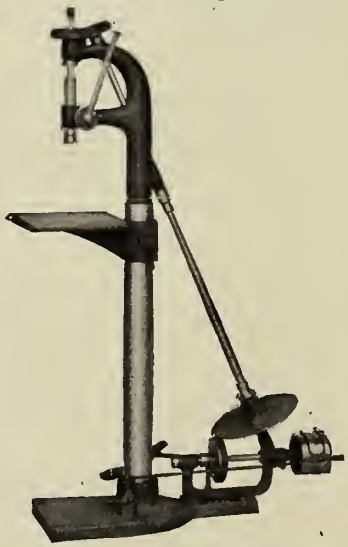

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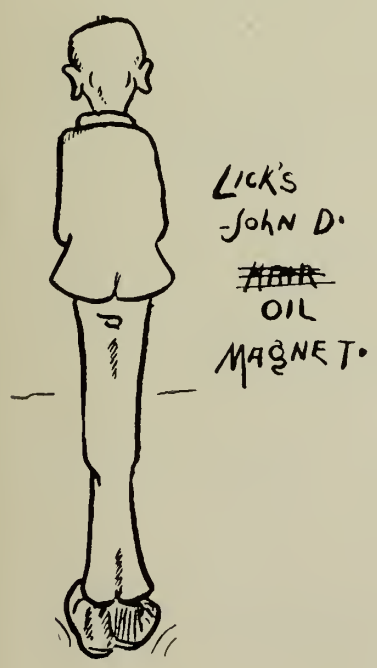

I

To those who came in fresh this year,
And who are somewhat green,
We wish to say our TIGER here
Is certainly a dream.

II.

The stories are the best you've read,
And jokes! O, they are great;
The shop and school notes are ahead
Of anything to date.

III.

Our editor's tall and lean,
And wears a genial smile,
He is quite often called String-bean
Or Skinny, once in a while.

IV.

He has a crop of bristling hair—
It is a holy fright;
'Twould even give a ghost a scare
To meet him out at night.

H. D. H., '08.

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Under the Crematory;
It has plenty of garbage smoke
To wrap it in its glory;
But if some day the chimney fall,
And the smoky sky would clear,
There'd be unveiled to the outer world,
The cups we won last year.

M. E., '07.

A lad and Murray to the mountains did go,
But when a lion appeared it scared Murray so
That the lad in dispair
Cut off all his hair,
And with it warmed Murray's feet, you know.

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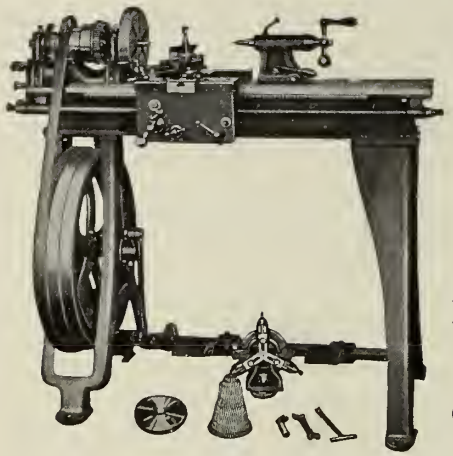

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Hilp (explaining method of voting)—"The clerk looks in the book and if you are duly registered, takes out a slip upon which your name and number are written, tears the number off and gives you the slip."

OH YOU! JOHNNIE!

There was a young man named Wright
Who stayed up and studied all night;
When he went to bed,
He stood on his head,
To see if his brains were in tight.

Poorman ('05)—"Say, Hilp, has the hammer been run yet?"

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Though commonly the verdict is "Sane;"
If you saw him steam
Through the opposing team,
You'd judge that he came from Maniac's lane.

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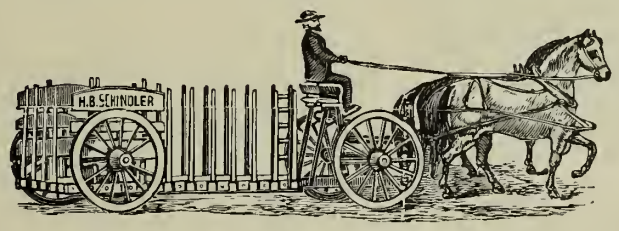

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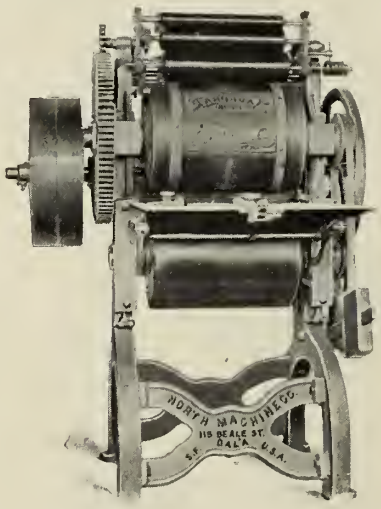

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There once was a bunch out at Lick,
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And many a keg they did nick.

Lieb in third-year geometry: "AB—2-3 AC. by a future theorem."

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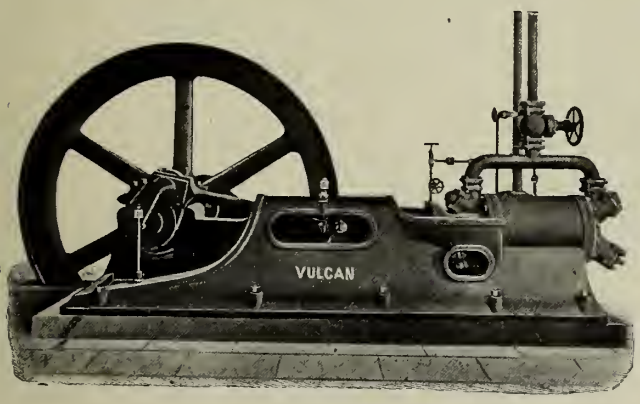

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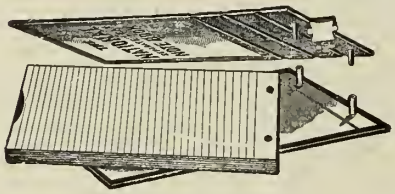

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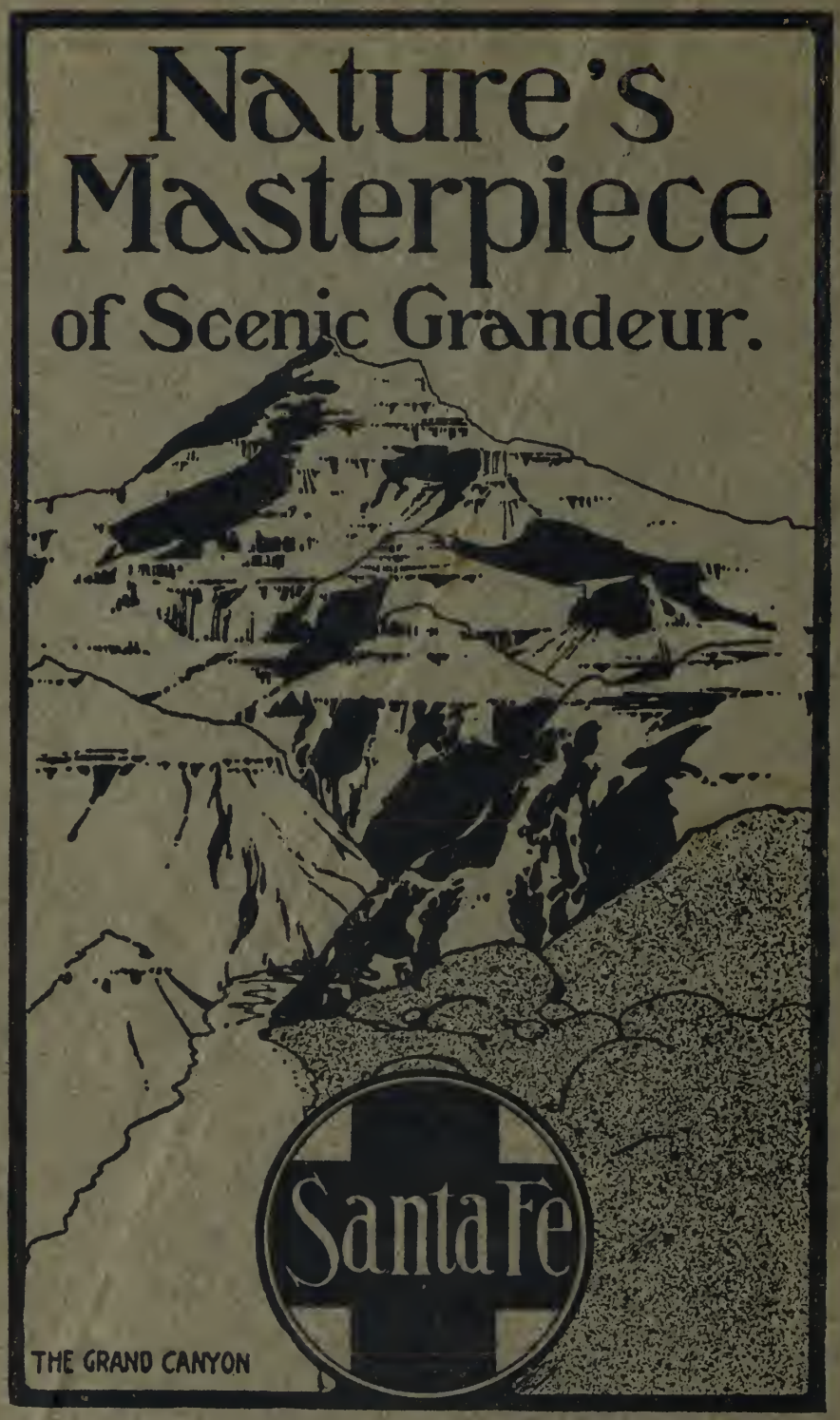

While Going East
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